

The Saturday News

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

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No. 17

Note and Comment

A matter of very vital consequence to the future of this country is being again discussed in Ottawa and Winnipeg papers—the position of the Englishman in the West. What gave rise to it was another of those want advertisements to which such serious and reasonable objection has been taken from time to time in years past. It appeared in the Winnipeg Free Press and read as follows:

WANTED—At once, a thoroughly competent and experienced male bookkeeper and stenographer, one capable of doing all kinds of office work; good chance for advancement. Will pay big wages to good man. No Englishman or loafer need apply. Write, giving age, experience, references, and salary expected to Drawer C, Francis, Sask.

The Ottawa Journal makes this comment: "The advertisement in the Winnipeg Free Press has no significance, and is very possibly the result of an ill-timed joke. Indeed, it is probably an accident that a paper of the standing of the Winnipeg Free Press would allow such an advertisement in its columns. The Britisher in Canada needs no justification, for he himself is his own justification."

It is a pity we cannot all share the Journal's optimism. Unfortunately the advertisement in question is no joke and possesses very real significance. No one who has been in business for any time in the West needs to have this proven to him. Despite what anyone may say, there is a decided prejudice against Englishmen, which involves a grave injustice to arrivals from the Old Land and which, unless it is overcome, is bound to have a profound effect on the future of the country. Thousands of them have made good, but they have done so in the face of great obstacles.

In the Winnipeg Tribune there appears an interview with John Nicholls, of Grenfell, a veteran Western editor. He remarked that after some years' experience he had come to the conclusion that "the English settler was probably superior to all others. He possesses independence to a remarkable degree, and falls in with the best ways of the country as rapidly as any other settler. 'Give us more English settlers,' was his concluding remark."

The Ottawa Journal in support of its contention quotes from a book recently published by A. E. W. Mason, the English author, who was a member of the last British Parliament. He points out that none of the other nations of Europe have made good colonists. The German immediately wants to drill the natives and conduct everything upon a military basis. The Frenchman depends too much upon the government at home. The British Empire is no accident, he says, but came into being from the fact that the Anglo-Saxon nature had enough independence and bull-doggedness to overcome the difficulties met by the pioneer, and enough adaptability to harmonize with the country that had adopted him. All this, says the Journal, we have found true in Canada, both West and East.

Mr. Mason's is the generally accepted view. But is it a too complacent one? Isn't it possible that this idea that Englishmen are the salt of the earth is responsible for their unpopularity with many of the other races that are peopling Western Canada?

An opinion which gives more indication that the person who expresses it knows what she is talking about than does Mr. Mason is contained in a book recently issued by Georgiana Binnie-Clark, entitled "A Summer on the Canadian Prairie." Miss Binnie-Clark tells how she came out "to put heart and diligence and capacity" into her brother and his partner, two remittance men, who were about to abandon their homesteads. She shows how the man or the woman of the right type can soon make good in the Canadian West, but what a source of harm to Canada and to their own countrymen the undesirable type of Englishmen may be.

"Canadian opinion," she writes, "divides the English into two groups, the ignorant English who can work, or the English wasters, who, having been dowered with every advantage which wealth can procure in a highly civilized country, won't work—although both divisions look to Canada for a living. We are dumped together as the helpless English affected or ignorant, helpless or hopeless, snobs or

slaves, and every one of us has to make his or her individual way through that barrier of prejudice."

These are without doubt the words of a woman who knows, and her book should serve an excellent purpose not only in giving a much-needed warning to those who come from the Old Land, but utterly wrong ideas of what is required of them, but also in bringing

home to Canadians the wrong which they are doing to those who should be made more welcome than any other class of newcomers in treating them all as if they were on a par. We must make the distinction that Miss Binnie-Clark does or the country will be a severe loser through our failure to do so.

The government of Alberta has been paying bounties on coyotes for some years and now some of the conservation experts across the line have come to the conclusion that these frisky young animals are really friends of man.

Many counties of States where he is most numerous have found that they cannot get along without him and have rescinded the law offering bounties on his scalp. The explanation may be found in a report of the commissioners of Reno county, Kansas, in the Hutchinson News:

"Commissioner M. F. Bain says the rabbits destroy five acres of wheat each winter. Five acres of wheat at thirty bushels an acre, 150 bushels of wheat at \$1.03 a bushel, makes \$154.50, which the rabbits owe to Mr. Bain for thinning out the wolves. Commissioner Jim Bush says 'The rabbits are destroying five acres of grain in each section of cultivated land in Reno county each year. Reno

has 1,200 square miles of territory. Count half of it as cultivated, and you figure 3,000 acres of grain sacrificed to the capacious appetites of the Cottontail and J. Rabbit. Counting the 3,000 acres half wheat and half corn, at this year's yield and valuation, and you have about \$53,000 worth of grain sacrificed in order that \$700 could be collected for the scalps of the coyotes.'

There is this observation to make, however, that in Alberta we are at present free from this rabbit pest. With no rabbits to chase, the coyote is bound to get into mischief.

Sir Robert Giffin, who died this week, was a distinguished political economist. By Canadians he is most apt to be remembered as the man to whom Sir John A. Macdonald made the remark that protection, having done so much for him, he could not very well help doing something for protection.

The veteran statesman at the same time told Sir Robert that in his opinion the protective theory was totally unsound and that he adopted it purely as a political emergency.

Dr. Clarke, of Red Deer, did not take long to get at the root of the matter when he rose in the House this week to criticize Hon. MacKenzie King's anti-trust bill. He took the ground that the tariff was the mother of trusts and that the surest way to protect the consumer was to lower it. Mr. King's legislation would follow American lines. Across the border there has been constant prosecution of combines, but little has apparently resulted from all the complicated litigation that has been instituted. Complaint is heard on every

hand about the increase in the price of cement, which is apparently the result of the recent merger. There can be no doubt that if the tariff were taken off this very necessary commodity, as Dr. Clarke suggests, the price would soon be righted. The action of the Canadian newspapers, the proprietors of which appealed to the government some years ago for relief from the paper combine and secured a reduction of the tariff, had the exact result aimed at.

The reference to newspapers suggests the need for a movement on their part for the abolition of duties on printing machinery, practically all of which is imported. If there is any industry which should receive generous treatment, it is that of the publisher. In a new country, with readers scattered over wide stretches of territory, he works against tremendous disadvantages. Like the farmer, his finished product he has to sell in an absolutely open field and it is unfair to tax his raw material. In this case, there isn't even the excuse that we are building up infant industries.

Western cities talk a great deal about the future that is assured to them, but few of them act as if they really believed what they were saying. What could be more absurd than to have a community, which asserts that in ten years it will have 100,000 people where it has now 20,000, pursue a policy which takes no account of that development. One would think that if their faith amounted to anything they would have certain definite plans for taking care of their expected growth. An article from the Ottawa Journal should lead some of our people to do some hard thinking along these lines. Because it is so full of suggestion to communities, now smaller than Ottawa, which will, however, before very long be much larger, the Saturday News makes no apology for reproducing it in full.

"There always exists a wide variance between the city that is, and the city that might be," says the Journal, "for cities like many other things, have a faculty of growing by a logic of their own. That is in brief the one extenuating circumstance to be offered for the somewhat heterogeneous condition of Ottawa at present. Certain laws there are which operate differently at different times, varying according to the locality. Now and again a magnificent scheme called a 'city plan,' is evolved in the larger communities and for Ottawa Mayor Hopewell has already outlined a plan which would undoubtedly be an excellent thing if adopted. This plan which is intended to bring about and continue a uniformity of streets and thoroughfares and a systematic growth and expansion, unfortunately so far exists only on paper or as a pleasant exercise for the imagination."

"A review of local real estate conditions and tendencies cannot but bring to mind how necessary city planning is as an economic forethought. No doubt practical business men consider that for the present such may be a somewhat superfluous consideration, but notwithstanding all this a city plan is such an obvious necessity that it may be confidently reckoned among the forces at work on real estate within the next score of years. The ornamental pamphlets which the civic publicity department may send broadcast, may give prominence to the domes and pinnacles and fairy palaces of public buildings, which the city possesses, but the sense of responsibility to future developments within the city limits becomes stronger every year."

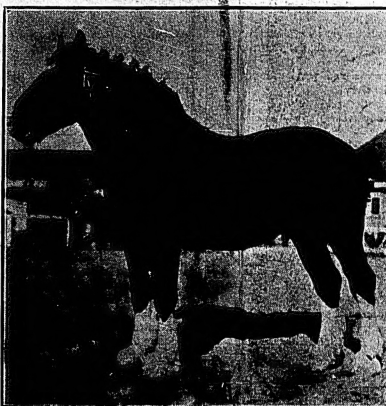
"Ottawa has no exception to other cities in the false start it made. In the struggle for existence which the pioneers and creators of old By Town experienced little thought was given or could be expected of the city that was to be. Dreams of future greatness were not indulged in and the city grew and developed much as a mushroom patch with little or no thought of uniformity of system. It is now that the authorities are awakening to the need of wide streets and continuous ones and the prohibition of narrow thoroughfares which are in a fact a detriment to the property thereon."

"The present trend of development and expansion has well defined causes. The modern city is a great battlefield, a circular congregation of humanity. The centre is the business district, so-called, whither, for a certain space each day come the earners to wage their warfare for a livelihood. At night they return to the circumference where the women and children and baggage have been left."

(Continued on Page Eight.)

At the Calgary Horse Show

An extended notice of the very successful event in the Southern City appears in an inner page.



"Col. Macqueen," First Prize Clyde, Owned by James Clark



The Type that is making the Percheron Popular in Alberta
The steel grey horse on the left is George Lane's "Garow," the dapple grey is "Hullerion" (owned by the Calgary Colonization Co.) and the black is "Italfax," (the property of George Lane.)



The above shows Dr. Cook, as he appeared when landing at New York from his Arctic trip, on September 21st last. Mrs. Cook stands by his side. This week the party which ascended Mount McKinley, to find out whether the alleged discoverer of the Pole had ever climbed that peak, returned and reported having found no traces whatever of his journey. All of which serves to confirm the now generally accepted idea that Dr. Cook is the most monumental liar in human history.

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FASHIONS OF THE FAIR.

A Fair of Fashions! Whither have I come?
I gaze around me with bewildered eyes.
And, lo! my gentle muse is stricken dumb.
Fearing her finest efforts cannot rise.

To words to paint such pageantry supreme,
(Come, come, dear girl, cheer up, I beg of you!),
How can I sing on such a dainty theme
Unless I get a lady's point of view?

What skillful hands, what fertile brains indeed,
Have made the glories that I now behold!
What cunning craftsmen even now proceed
To paint the lily and to gild fine gold!
(A tribute to your sex's beauty, dear,
This pretty touch, but you may well declare
Fine gowns and graciousness, or it is clear
Sackcloth would elsewhere be the only wear!)

What snowy foam of lace and lingerie,
(Yes, dear, I come. You needn't pull my sleeve.)
What glorious costumes of the past I see:
What greater splendors modern minds conceive!
Ah, how shall I, whose knowledge is but small,
Sing all the glories of this feast of dress?
(Come, muse, I prithee, answer to the call,
Or we shall certainly be late for press!)

AT THE CALGARY HORSE SHOW

If you had stepped off the train into Calgary—from Khartoum—last week, with no paper or person to inform you, you would have known on the instant that a Horse Show was in progress.

The thing was in the air, it shivered out at you from every window of fashion. Horse-looking coats, derbys and neckwear for the men hats and every variety of togethery for the gentler sex, all with the Sennar device, "Horse Show" cloaks, gowns, boots, etc., as though they turned them out on different patterns for so great, so auspicious an occasion.
But, had you been stupid enough to miss the point of the window dressing, you couldn't, you just couldn't, have missed the portent of some of the beautiful high-steppers prancing up the middle of the streets, or the significance of the Hackney action of many of the men with noisy waistcoats, and baggy riding breeches, who "were up in town for the week, don't you know." The Show wouldn't be a show without them.

In our hotel we had several who did the high-stepping racket to perfection. One of "Him" wore a sweet pale-blue waistcoat, queer little fawn-shaded "britches," had a face like a rat-terrier, and a forsaken-looking dog forever at his heels. I saw him in the ring one night, and I think he would have had a prize if he had hung himself together better. But honestly, he did look as if he might separate at a moment's notice, and that you know is apt to make even a judge nervous.

If you could have believed the evidence of your eyes, there must have been thousands of horse men in town for the event, but a man who helped me scan some of the remarkable riding get-ups remarked that they were merely gotten up for the occasion, and that had you sat "the men who wore them on a horse you would soon discover that while they were the horiest men on foot, they would prove the footiest men on a horse you could hope to find. Later events proved that his contention was amply justified.

Perhaps in no community in the world are the people so given over to a year-round allegiance to the king of four-footed beasts. While ordinary children are contentedly straddling a rocking-gee-gee, the infants in and around Calgary are taking their first lessons on the back of a truly pony. Horse-raising is one of the big industries of the surrounding

country, and men, women and children join hands in their admiration and following of him.
In every drawing-room and hotel corridor, on the street and in the offices, the talk all week drifted naturally and logically to the uppermost event in all minds, the Show. What chances So and So's horse had in the hunter class; what one thought of Mrs. B's style of driving. The very clothes the women wore proclaimed the object for which they were purchased, while the noisy ties, caps and extreme cut of the men's attire were unmistakable.

All day Tuesday people went to and from Victoria Park, where a great many of the prize horses and cattle were stabled, but it was not until night that the formal opening took place at Sherman's Auditorium, a commodious structure excellently well adapted for such a purpose. Early in the evening, the tremendous crowds, who had overflowed every hotel and rooming-house in the city, began to gather until at eight-thirty when the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Bulyea, and their party, with the president of the Association, Mr. Geo. Hoadley, M.P.P., of Okotoks, and his party, drove into the arena, hardly a seat in box or grandstand was available.

It was a sight worth going many miles to see, that noisy auditorium, the large saw-dust covered ring, banked round and round with row upon row of flower-decked boxes, the golden glow of hundreds of daffodils and cut flowers, and potted plants showing up in beautiful relief against a background of evergreens, and above all, tier upon tier of handsome women, lovely gowns and the smart black and white of the men's dress suits.

The entrance of the two carriages containing the official guests, was the signal for the band to strike up, and to the strains of "God Save the King," the vice-regal party took their seats. If I may be permitted a criticism here, I would remark, that it seems a pity that where the other arrangements were of so excellent a character, some better provision in the way of carriages was not made for the Lieutenant-Governor and his party. During the show we saw two splendid four-in-hands put through their paces. On the street I saw, not one, but several victorias, yet the Governor of the Province is assigned a closed cab in which to formally open so spectacular an event. Surely, surely an oversight, and one taking away to a great extent from the effectiveness of any official opening.

But, this said, I have nothing but praise for what followed. Hail you

from where you will, Calgary can show you as splendid an exhibition of horse-flesh, as rattling-fine a show, as any reasonable man on earth could desire. During four successive days I went and sat through the performances, and I can say that I came away with a better comprehension of what the West can accomplish in the way of raising horses, than I have gained in five years' residence in the country.

I am no horse-woman, one only specimen of the kind I am a judge of, the human clothes-horse, but this I do know, that a man would have to be very stupid indeed not to recognize the blue blood and quality of the animals who, night after night aroused that vast audience to perfect storms of applause, who went through their paces with the grace and dignity, born of generations of high-bred ancestors, and who stepped it before the judges as if they knew what was expected of them; the hopes and fears of the men who sent them there.

Arrived home, I can still see the beautiful string of Hackneys as they swung around the curves, can feel my heart go throbbing madly as I re-picture the hunters taking those heart-breaking fences, almost shout as I remember the magnificent championship animals as they crowded nose to tail, a regular ring-around-the-rosy of them, each a beauty in his class. A feature of the Show were the Hackneys brought from New York by Mr. F. Lowes, and driven tandem, in double harness, and single by himself and his father. Their every appearance was sufficient to arouse the wildest enthusiasm. Looking at the high-bred beauties, one could understand the necessity of bringing them, as Mr. Lowes did, by specially-heated express car, to take a prominent part in the show. To have consigned such delicately-nurtured and highly-trained creatures to a box car would have been nothing short of suicidal. I might write column upon column of description of the entries that participated in the Show, but that is hardly in my line. For me, the human interest surrounding the scene is more familiar ground.

The judges, for instance, always fascinated me; one low-legged man in particular, who looked as if he might have been born on horse-back, arousing my particular notice. Night after night I watched him, first wedding out the horses he fancied, then settling down to picking out the winners. It seemed a very elaborate process. First a horse would walk, next canter, and lastly show what speed he was possessed of. During this bit of business, Sherlock Holmes gets in his deadly work. O, woe to the poor little beast with a crack in his leg, or a barrell a little on the short side! O woe to the creature whose manners are not his strong point, or whose conformation is the wee-bit off! To the lower ring for him, without so much as a glance at his teeth, or a feel of his leg!

But, joy to the lucky fellows who

(Continued to page six.)



A QUEEN AND HER CHILDREN.

This portrait of Queen Elizabeth of Belgium is the first taken of Her Majesty since her accession. Photographed with her are her three children, Prince Leopold, Prince Charles, and Princess Marie.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1910.

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THE LOUNGER

A reader writes to ask if it is possible to reproduce "Boarding House Geometry," which appeared some years ago in this column. This piece of genuine humor is cropping up all the time in the newspapers and being ascribed to different people. As a matter of fact the author is Prof. S. B. Leacock, now of McGill University, and well-known to the Canadian public for what he has written on serious subjects. It first appeared in the columns of the American Truth, about fourteen years ago. These are the axioms which he set forth:

1. All boarding houses are the same boarding house.
2. Boarders in the same boarding house, and on the same flat, are equal to one another.
3. A single room is that which hath no parts and no magnitude.
4. The landlady of the boarding house is a parallelogram—that is, an oblong angular figure that cannot be described, and is equal to anything.
5. A wrangle is the disinclination to each other of two boarders that meet together but are not on the same floor.

All the other rooms being taken, a single room is said to be a double room.

Postulates and propositions:

1. A pie may be produced any number of times.
2. The landlady may be reduced to her lowest terms by a series of propositions.
3. A bee-line may be made from any boarding house to any other boarding house.
4. The clothes of a boarding house bed, stretched over so far both ways, will not meet.
5. Any two meals at a boarding house are together less than one square feed.
6. On the same bill and on the same side of it there should not be two charges for the same thing.
7. If there be two boarders on the same floor, and the amount of side of one be equal to the amount of side of the other and the wrangle between the one boarder and the landlady be equal to the wrangle between the landlady and the other boarder, then shall the weekly bills of the two boarders be equal. For if not, let one bill be the greater, then the other bill is less than it might have been, which is absurd.

Rundup is becoming demoralized. The correspondent at that point of the Gramm Press writes as follows: "The young wives of the vicinity have been wondering why hubby dear has been late getting home on mail nights, but it is accounted for, as our genial postmaster has lately installed an Edison phonograph."

The Last Sign.
The tender verdure of the fields
With joy our being fills.

But spring cannot be here as yet,
Where are the Circus Bills?
—Toronto News.

At a chapel in Yorkshire the pulpit was occupied one Sunday morning by a minister from a neighboring town. A few days later the preacher received a copy of the local weekly paper, and his attention was drawn to the following item: "The Rev. — supplied the pulpit at the Congregational Church last Sunday, and the church will now be closed three weeks for repairs."

The local cup tie-final was what the reporters call a ding-dong game—ten minutes from the finish and no goals all. At this crucial moment Sparbrook, the hope of the Thumbleby Thrushes, was knocked out. They carried him hastily from the field, but it was not till the match was over that he recovered consciousness, at a moment when the doctor was in the middle of a most painful operation.

In mortal agony, he plucked the sleeve of the doctor who was attending his fractured thigh.

"Tell me, doctor," he whispered faintly, "did we win?"

"Yes," answered the man of medicine.

A flush of rapture suffused the features of the injured one.

"Well, never mind this fractured thigh, then, doctor," he mumbled excitedly, "but just take these bits of broken teeth out of my mouth, so's I can holler!"

"In your paper this morning, sir, you spoke of my address at a public meeting last night as the 'insane drivings of a played-out politician'."

"I am truly sorry, sir, if it appeared that way in the paper. I wrote it 'inane.' Good morning."

"They tell me," said the innocent maid, "that your marriage was the result of love at first sight. Is it true?"

"It is," answered the round-shouldered, addressed. "That gentleman was formerly my husband, and he's behind with his alimony."

A story is told in Washington of



ROYALTY WHO ARE IN AFRICA.

The Duke, brother of King Edward, and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Patricia of Connaught, who is looked on as the future Queen of Portugal, and Prince Arthur of Connaught. This picture was taken on board The Admiral at Mombasa, East Africa, just before they landed, to begin a wild game shooting expedition.

ered man, sadly. "Had I been gifted with second sight I'd still be in the bachelor class!"

"And you want to marry my daughter?" growled the grim old father. "Do you think you can support her in the luxury to which she is accustomed?"

"Well, sir," modestly replied the youth, "I think I can guarantee that we will have meat on the table at least once a day."

"I hope you will be interested in yonder gentleman," said the hostess. "I have assigned him to take you out to dinner."

"I shall be," responded the lady a senator whose French—acquired in twelve phonographic lessons—is by no means exquisite. The senator, fresh from one of his phonographic recitals, pounced upon an under secretary of the French legation at a dinner. "Mon-sieur," he said, "eska-ank-eska—voo-esk—von vooly ma—vooly ma dun-ny—"

"My dear senator," the secretary interrupted, "do I beg of you, stop speaking French. You speak it so well—oh, so very, very well—it makes me homesick!"

A teacher in an elementary school had noticed a striking platonic friendship that existed between Tommy and little Mary, two of her pupils.

Tommy was a bright enough youngster, but he wasn't disposed to prosecute his studies with much energy, and his teacher saw that unless he stirred himself before the end of the year he wouldn't be promoted.

"You must study harder," she told him, "or else you won't pass. How would you like to stay back in this class another year and have little Mary go ahead of you?"

"Aw," said Tommy, "I guess there'll be other little Marys."

Patrick, lately over, was working in the yards of a railroad. One day he happened to be in the yard office when the force was out. The telephone rang vigorously several times and he at last decided it ought to be answered. He walked over to the

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instrument, took down the receiver, and put his mouth to the transmitter, just as he had seen others do. "Hello!" he called. "Hello!" answered the voice at the other end of the line. "Is this eight-six-one-five-nine?" "Aw, g'wan! Phwat d'ye tink Ol am? A box car?"

SOME THINGS TO NOTICE

Ladies of Edmonton—

With Peggy's kind permission I want to direct your attention to the many ways in which you can help our Humane Society in the promotion of its objects.

Although you are accused, and perhaps deservedly so (which I do not venture to assert), of being intensely interested in Peggy's description of how angelic certain ladies looked in various costumes, I am sure that none of you would wilfully cause suffering to any animal, yet in how many cases do you permit cruelty to go on without attempting to stop it, or even say a word in protest against it.

Mrs. Housekeeper, the next time a load of coal is delivered at your house, you will probably notice that your coal shed is so situated that a teamster cannot drive up to it to unload your coal, but is compelled to back a heavy load for a considerable distance to reach the coal receptacle. The horses are weary with their hard work and an extra strain is imposed on them in the severe labor of backing their load, which should be quite unnecessary if attended to, as the horses are the sufferers no one thinks of it.

Now for the young lady who goes out for a drive with her horse's head checked up so high that he is in constant misery—notice how he strains at the bit and continually turns his head from side to side in the vain attempt to relieve the pain in the muscles of his neck, caused by the tightness of the cruel check-rein. Now is the time to insist that if you are going to ride behind that horse, the check rein must be loose. Possibly you never thought of it, but the horse did. Improve the occasion and act now.

What about ordering your supplies at the stores early in the day, so that the delivery horses may not have to travel the hard roads until late at night as they all do now, just because the ladies never thought that they were so weary as they are.

Here is what the greatest veterinarian of the day says, General Sir F. Fitzwygram, late head of the British Army veterinary staff:

"It is impossible for us to witness the continual suffering of the horse, the cruel treatment that he receives from thoughtless persons, without feeling the deepest sympathy for him, and endeavoring by all means in our power to ameliorate his hard fate, surely no living creature is in more need of such sympathy than the faithful horses."

In conclusion listen to Longfellow's sentiments on the subject:

"How little they from man receive To whom they give so much! They may be silent as ye say But woe to them who day by day Unthinkingly for what boon they pray,

Repeat 'Thy Kingdom come,' Who when before the great white throne Find awful voices drawn their own The protests of the dumb. Amongst the noblest in the land, Though he may count himself the least,

Thou man! I honor and revere, Who without favor, without fear In the great city dares to stand 'The friend of every friendless beast.' Yours faithfully, T. G. PEARCE, Sec. Alberta Humane Society Phone 2464.

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NOTICE

Auction Sale of Lands in Northcote Addition

Part N.E. 34 17-35-24 W. 4th. The following lands will be sold by public auction by the undersigned on Saturday, the 23rd day of April, 1910, at eight o'clock in the afternoon, at No. 637 First St., in the city of Edmonton, pursuant to the power reserved in certain agreement for sale made in respect of the said lands between Robert Tegner, John Morris, Almer Moser and Ernest Ryder, all of Edmonton, Alberta, as vendors, and the persons whose names appear opposite the respective parcels hereinafter described, as purchasers:

R. F. and W. P. Miller—Lots 14 to 16, Block 4.

Mary Tymczuk—Lot 3, Block 17. Tekli Marick—Lot 4, Block 17. Joseph Wussil—Lot 4, Block 14.

Mrs. E. R. Evans—Lot 10, Block 5. Isaac Petch and J. W. Cooper—Lots 7 to 11, Block 20. Lots 7 to 11, in Block 21.

Joseph Danelovich—Lot 6, Block 17. R. J. Hamilton—Lot 4, Block 4.

Wm. E. Robinson—Lots 5 and 6, Block 4.

Nellie S. Rennie—Lots 1 to 3, Block 10.

August L. Mass—Lots 21 and 22, Block 10. Lots 5 and 6, Block 14.

Albert Gugin—Lot 11, Block 8. Charles Dover—Lots 9 to 11, Block 10.

Estate F. W. Darling (deceased)—Lot 12, Block 5.

And as assignees of an agreement with Philander and Annie Southworth, Lots 12 and 13, Block 16.

The sales will all be subject to a reserve bid sufficient to cover the balance due on the agreements respectively and the expense on the sale.

Dated at Edmonton in the Province of Alberta, the 31st day of March, 1910.

W. J. Rolfe, Auctioneer, 30 Jasper Ave. East.

For further information apply to: Short, Cross, Biggar & Cowan, Solicitors for Vendors, 14 Howard Street, Edmonton.

Ap. 2-9-16-23.

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HOME AND SOCIETY

Edmonton

Aside from the splendid success of the horse-end of the show in Calgary, the social aspect of the affair was a brilliant one. Night after night a very large attendance of smartly-dressed women, townspeople and visitors, and their escorts, crowded the boxes and overflowed into the reserved seats. The attendance of vice-royalty also added an interesting touch of its own. The Lieutenant-Governor is a great horse-lover, and every performance found him in his place in the centre box, keenly intent on everything that was taking place in the show ring. Mrs. Buley is also a devoted enthusiast, being an excellent horsewoman herself, and the splendid exhibition of animals aroused her to a high pitch of enthusiasm.

On the opening night she wore an exquisite gown of white Liberty satin, with an overdress of crystals and embroidery, in which she was very much admired; while on each subsequent occasion she was, as always, charmingly frocked.

In the president's box, to the left of His Honor's, I noticed the Hon. Duncan and Mrs. Marshall of Edmonton; the left-hand box being occupied by the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Cushing, Mayor and Mrs. Jamieson of Calgary, Chief Justice Sifton being often a visitor to their box.

Other box-holders in their order were: Dr. MacKidd, Senator J. A. Loughheed, P. Burns, Guests, His Honor Lieut.-Governor Buley, Guests, C. W. Rowley, Esq., A. M. Grogan, Esq., Sheriff I. S. G. Van Wart, Guests Mr. Cummings, Dr. Stuart MacKidd, R. W. Melkejohn, Esq., D. G. Campbell, L. T. Mewburn, Esq., John A. Turner, Esq., Mrs. Wm. Pearce, L. P. Strong, Esq., and A. J. Sayers, Esq., I. G. Ruttle, Esq., J. P. J. Jepson, Esq., A. M. McMahon, Esq., W. J. Watson, Esq., H. L. Mewburn, Esq., C. R. de la Vergne, Esq., G. E. Goddard, Esq., F. C. Lowes, Esq., R. B. Bennett, M.P.P.

Mrs. Rowley, wife of the manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, was one of the busiest hostesses of the week, entertaining various parties on each afternoon and evening of the show, and also at luncheons, dinners and late suppers. On Wednesday Mr. and Mrs. Richard Scoble of Edmonton, Mrs. Nolan, Mrs. Balmer Watt, Mr. Bates, and Mr. Langley shared her box, later going on to a jolly supper party at her delightful residence.

Mrs. Mewburn, Sr., and Mrs. H. L. Mewburn, well known to Edmontonians as Miss Mary Gray, were also popular hostesses, both having boxes and sharing them generously with their friends. Mrs. Harold Mewburn was looking exceedingly well, and was keenly interested in everything relating to Edmonton. On Saturday she was giving a small tea-party for some of the visitors in town, which, coming home that afternoon, I was obliged to miss.

Mr. and Mrs. Woods had always a merry little party sharing their hospitality, and from every source I heard nothing but the most flattering remarks regarding her great popularity in the southern city. I have myself to acknowledge the greatest kindness at her and her husband's hands, and am indebted to Mr. Woods and his motor for my first real acquaintance with their bustling, ambitious city. Mrs. Loughheed's box was always crowded, Mrs. Constantine and Mrs. McCarter, her guests, wearing some very smart frocks. Mrs. Van Wart, needless to remark, was a constant attendant, her well-recognized ome for horses and her own fine horsemanship making her a critical judge of what was passing in the ring.

Mr. Freddy Lowes, too, had always a jolly gathering of guests, Mrs. Cornwall, beautifully gowned, being invariably present, and Mr. Freddy MacFie of Edmonton being another interested spectator.

By the way, Mr. Lowes' engagement to Mrs. Helen has just been formally announced, the wedding to take place around the first of June. I hear that he is to build a new house at Elbow Park, which will eclipse his present fine residence completely.

Dr. Irving, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Scoble, Dr. Ferris, Judge Beck, and Mr. Driscoll were enthusiastic attend-

ants at the show, being guests at Braemar Lodge for the event.

His Honor and Mrs. Buley, who were also en pension at Braemar Lodge, left on Thursday night, the Governor and Mr. Babbitt going south on Friday morning, and Mrs. Buley to stay with the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Cushing until Monday.

I had a glorious drive on Friday morning behind Mrs. Van Wart's handsome horses, out to the splendid new General Hospital, more of which I hope to tell you later.

Mrs. Buley will not receive on her usual reception day, this month.

On Thursday of last week Mrs. Sisley had a smart little luncheon of six covers in honor of Mrs. Constantine, who was spending a fortnight the guest of Mrs. Loughheed; the others present being: Mrs. Bert Woods, Mrs. Loughheed, Mrs. McCarter of Revelstoke and Mrs. Balmer Watt of Edmonton.

Mrs. Sisley received her guests in a modish frock of black silk with handsome jet accessories, and the table was beautifully arranged with showers of pink carnations and fern, little sprays of maiden-hair and violets tied with pink bows, being scattered over the table, and lace centrepiece. Following a delicious luncheon, the guests went on with various parties to the Horse Show.

Mrs. Van Wart's reception in honor of Mrs. Buley, on Tuesday afternoon, attracted a large representation of prominent Calgary women to this handsome residence, where a great many of them, for the first time, had the pleasure of meeting the mistress of Government House. The lower suite of rooms were prettily decorated with quantities of cut flowers, and Mrs. Van Wart received her guests wearing a most becoming gown of anemone satin, and an exquisite old diamond necklace, once belonging to a famous English duchess. Mrs. Buley, who received with her, was looking very sweet and distinguished in a beautiful gown of greenish blue crepe de chine, with dainty silver accessories and some handsome embroidered net and jewelled passementerie introduced. With this was worn a striking panne velvet picture hat with graceful white plumes.

The tea room was a particularly lovely arrangement of sweet peas and smilax. Two tall graceful baskets were disposed in the centre of the table, holding great showers of the fragrant blossoms, while long ropes of smilax and sweet peas, and scattered blossoms on the lace tea cloth, added to the effectiveness of the whole.

Among a great many new faces I noticed some familiar people. Mrs. Ewing, Mrs. Short and Mrs. Cornwall of Edmonton; Mrs. Lafferty, Mrs. Short, Mrs. Nolan, Mrs. Loughheed, Mrs. Constantine, Maple Creek; Mrs. Howard Douglas, Mrs. Van Wart's guest, who also assisted in receiving with her; Mrs. Sisley, Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Grogan and many others. The enjoyment of the afternoon was greatly added to by some very fine new pictures by famous artists which had just been hung, and which in the commodious surroundings showed up to excellent advantage.

Mrs. Culbert is giving a tea this (Thursday) afternoon.

Mrs. Frank Smith is also entertaining the young people at the tea hour, in honor of her guests, Mrs. Phoebe Sanders.

During her stay in town, Mrs. Edwards of Macleod, who addressed the Local Council of Women on Thursday, was the guest of Mrs. Buley at Government House.



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THE SHOCKING CONDITIONS

"Kit" writes as follows in the Toronto Mail and Empire:

Apropos to the shocking murder of the little stenographer, Ruth Wheeler, in New York, a few days ago, a remembrance, personal in nature, comes to my mind. A good many years ago—when the writer was a much younger woman than she is today, it was her mission to hunt up an actress who had left the stage and whose friends were extremely anxious about her. She was a pretty woman but erratic—not to say flighty. All the theatrical agencies were visited, the advertising columns of the Dramatic News studied, and diverse addresses jotted down—to no use. It was finally suggested that I make a house to house visit along West Twenty-first street, Twenty-eighth street and that district. Passing a few stores on the first street on which I adventured, there commenced what appeared to be large flats, with the main entrance wide open and no one to answer bell or knocker. You simply walked in across an immense hall, and proceeded to go up two flights of shallow wooden stairs. At the top a long low, iron door, with a grille above it, presented itself. You rang and knocked here, and before an answer came, so flimsy were the walls of the partition one could hear drifts of conversation. It was not edifying conversation—being mainly demands for highballs, mingled with curses levelled on one "George." Presently a man's face peered through the opening. It was a sinister face, seamed and scarred and villainous in expression. There was nothing for it but to ask as civilly as possible if Mrs. D. roomed there. "Not by that name," said the man, "but," opening the door, "come in and look." "Thank you, no," was the reply, and one left hurriedly. Other flats, similar in appearance, were visited—never higher than the first two-pair stairs, and there was either silence or the appearance of an old hag or uncouth man. Finally we gave up the chase. Returning to one's rooms one recounted the experience to the comfortable Gorman landlady. She appeared horrified. "Go into those houses alone! Why have you gone and never been heard of again. The white slaves live all along the west side and every day girls and women are disappearing. You might have been robbed and murdered and nobody would be the wiser." It was an appalling statement—but, afterwards I found it—in a frightful case which

made even New York sit up—to be not without foundation.

American women especially make it their boast that they can go anywhere, travel the country and all that, alone. It is no boast for a woman in any country in the world. Sooner than sleep in Santiago when the Spanish-Yankee war was going on, I spent—in a boy's rubber suit—some nights on the open hills. There are times when neither years nor unconeliness will protect a woman—and the last, the greatest horror, is assault. There can be nothing after that but death, and I utter no lie—though I have written a book on my war experiences—when I state that I lived for some weeks with possible and ready death as my close companion. Neither in New York nor in Toronto, or anywhere else, should girls go alone to seek employment. In the best of cities there is always some foul and dark corner. It is up to the mothers of young girls to protect their daughters, to accompany them, to visit them occasionally in their business surroundings. There was the case of Elsie Siegel, and now we have little Ruth Wheeler burned alive after the most beastly torture. And there have been thousands of like cases. New York is a far more dangerous city than even old London was, for all its Ripper murders. There it is mainly women of the street, depraved and drunken women, who meet with disaster. In New York—who shall say that it is not in Montreal or Toronto or Winnipeg likewise?—it is the very young and innocent who are destroyed.

The Pioneers

Arthur Stringer in April "Canada Monthly" (formerly Canadian West.)

Call us no more the men who made That newer world, this golden West! 'Twas done of old by Him who laid The basis of Birth and bade them rest!

God made it all, long years ago, That he who comes and sows and delves, Might still his primal manhood know— We're but the Men who Made Ourselves.



Bore: "That impertinent fellow Brown offered me a hundred pounds to resign my membership of the club. What would you advise me to do?"

Jollyboy: "Hang on a bit—you'll get more!"

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Home and Society

Calgary.

The Alberta Provincial Horse Show opened with a glorious day of warm sun, so bright and pleasant that one would think the beautiful, capacious, reluctant spring had come. It was not the men alone who were doing obedience to the noble animal, the pride of Alberta, for the ladies were not one whit less enthusiastic. They thronged to Victoria Park on Tuesday afternoon until it soon bloomed like a great flower paterne on a summer day. The pleasant experience in the afternoon was only a foretaste of the evening at Sherman's auditorium. This seemed to be the first donning of the festive frocks after the Lenten season, and it brought gaiety back. The brilliancy of the spring season was reflected in the annual event, and the splendor of the decorations, the union of the brown and yellow shades, the picturesque styles of dress and the distinguished personages gave eclat to the scene. The lights were perfectly arranged, and the throngs of happy people filled every available space. The surroundings lent themselves perfectly to the splendor of the occasion, while a most conspicuous feature of the decorations was the numerous clusters of pretty daffodils whose yellow shades blended perfectly with the dark brown folds as a setting. Union Jacks were effectively used with drapings of red, white and blue. At the box of honor, in which Lieutenant-Governor Bulyea and party were, there were very handsome drapings of purple, the royal color. One would ever a Parisian fashion dictator had been present and had been actively engaged in the planning and completion of so many modish gowns. The chilly crispness of the air often caused the necessity of cloaks to give added comfort. Just a few of those gowns noticed among so many lovely ones were:

Mrs. Bulyea, a handsome dress of ivory duchesse satin with touches of lace and gold sequins on the embroidered corsage.

Mrs. Balmer Watt, Edmonton, a rich cream duchesse satin, beautifully designed, and trimmed with lovely lace.

Mrs. Cushing, looked charming in an all black costume with large picture hat with black plumes.

Mrs. Loughed had a very distinguished appearance in a rich green evening gown with turban to correspond, trimmed with ostrich plumes to match the costume.

Mrs. Herman Mewburn wore a pale blue gown, with a very beautiful black tricorn hat, and white fox furs.

Mrs. Constantine, a black satin costume and black and white satin hat, with beautiful white ostrich plumes.

Mrs. Burns, very distinguished appearance in a pale blue gown of liberty satin.

Miss Ellis, Victoria, a pale blue satin toilette with chic effect.

Mrs. Helliwell was charming in a mauve satin with black picture hat.

Mrs. McCarten, Revelstoke, a cream lace gown with gold lace butterflies as trimming, and large black picture hat and ostrich plumes.

Mrs. Grogan had a very attractive appearance in a pale blue satin gown with touches of gold, pale blue hat and gloves to correspond.

Miss De Sousa, pale blue costume with large fashionable hat wreathed with roses.

Mrs. O'Sullivan a very rich and pretty evening costume of cream, and rose-wreathed hat.

Mrs. John J. Young wore a handsome chiffon broadcloth suit of mustard shade and chapeau to correspond on Monday afternoon. In the evening Mrs. Young looked lovely in pink satin and on Friday evening, in a golden brown satin with black and gold sequins.

Mrs. Bertinshaw wore a rich mauve satin and lilac hat.

Mrs. Ewing, Edmonton, wore a pink cloth gown and pink hat.

Mrs. Van Wart, a green satin gown and hat to match.

Mrs. Douglas, Mrs. McCarter and Premier Rutherford were Mrs. Van Wart's guests.

Mrs. Douglas wore a lavender satin and corresponding hat, and Mrs. McCarter, old gold silk gown and yellow and brown hat.

Mrs. Short, handsome black costume and large black hat.

Mrs. Woods, cream suit and lovely pink hat.

Mrs. J. Stocks, of Edmonton, visited Mrs. M. Calder last week.

Mrs. Cook, of Brandon, is a guest of Mrs. Brode.

Mrs. Comer returned this week from a fortnight's holiday trip to Winnipeg.

Mrs. Graydon, of Edmonton, was the guest of her aunt Mrs. Joo. J. Young for a few days.

The Misses Jaynes entertained on Saturday afternoon in honor of their guest, Miss Cousins.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sibbald and family are guests of Mrs. George May.

Premier Rutherford was the guest of Sheriff and Mrs. Van Wart throughout the Horse Show.

Mrs. Rae, who has been the guest of her daughter Mrs. W. E. Hay for the past few weeks, left on Friday for her home in Medicine Hat.

The engagement is announced of Miss F. Beal, of Bossam, third daughter of James Beal, of London, England, to Hugh L. Robinson, of Brooks, son of Captain George Robinson, late R. N. Bristol, England.

Mrs. and Mrs. A. W. H. Thompson and family left here on Wednesday morning for their new home in Vancouver, B.C.

Mrs. Bulyea was the guest of Mrs. A. J. McArthur, Crescent Heights, for luncheon, last Thursday.

Mrs. Robertson, (Olds), Mrs. Loughed, Mrs. McCarter, Mrs. Stratton, Mrs. Constantine, Mrs. McCutcheon and Mrs. Marshall were guests of Mrs. C. A. Stuart at luncheon this week. Mrs. Stewart received her guests charmingly in a royal grape satin gown. The table was prettily done in pink and white sweet peas, with vines and smilax.

Mrs. Sisley entertained this week at a delightful little luncheon in honor of Mrs. Constantine. Mrs. Sisley wore a black silk gown with jet trimmings and graciously received her guests: Mrs. Constantine, Mrs. Loughed, Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Balmer Watt, and Mrs. McCarter. The table was beautifully decorated with its perfect arrangement, and its floral designs of violets and carnations.

Mr. and Mrs. Higgs and family returned on Saturday night from Honolulu where they have been spending the winter months.

Mrs. Bulyea is the guest of Mrs. W. H. Cushing for a few days this week.

Mrs. Berkinshaw was the hostess at a formal luncheon yesterday. Covers were laid for Mrs. Constantine, Mrs. Douglas, Mrs. Loughed, Mrs. McCarter, Mrs. Van Wart, Mrs. Minns and Mrs. Sisley. The color scheme of yellow and brown, the horse shoe shades, was carried out perfectly in the minutest detail, and the hostess received her guests with her natural, gracious charm.

Mrs. I. S. G. Van Wart displayed her usual charm as a hostess on Tuesday afternoon, when she entertained in honor of Mrs. Bulyea. Everything was favorable towards a delightful afternoon. The table was unobstructed by the slightest cloud, and glorified a hundredfold by the brilliancy of the clear western air and sunshine. Mrs. Van Wart received in the drawing room, which was gaily en fête with spring floral decorations. The popular hostess looked particularly charming in a rich gown of mauve satin, with delicate lace finishings. Mrs. Bulyea was in a graceful gown of green silk and picture hat with plumes, blending in shade. Mrs. Douglas, of Banff, a guest in the home, was neatly attired in old rose silk poplin. The tea room, in charge of Mrs. Jaynes, Mrs. Mitchell, and Mrs. MacKil, was fragrant and artistic in a color scheme of pink and white. The tea table had handsome lace centres, upon which rested two exquisite baskets of sweet peas. From the chandeliers above the pink and white blossoms were suspended, and with trailings of vines of smilax turned amorously around the basket handles. During the second hour the pleasing ministrations in the tea room were done by Mrs. Loughed, Mrs. Wrigley and Mrs. Grogan, while the Misses Cousins, Lowes and Jaynes were the ever helpful assistants. Mrs. Wrigley wore pink satin and large white hat. Mrs. Grogan, a handsome black satin and black hat; Mrs. Loughed, pretty rose silk and hat of exact shade; Mrs. MacKil, a lovely gown of grey satin and grey hat; Mrs. Mitchell, a dainty shade of rose and pretty hat to match; Mrs. Jaynes, in rich black silk and picture hat; Miss Cousins, grey silk, with

large white hat; Miss Lowes, heliotrope satin and green spring hat; Miss Jaynes, white embroidered silk, mull and lovely summer chapeau; Miss F. Jaynes, white mouseline de soie and black picture hat. Only a few of the guests were: Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Bulyea, Mr. Babbitt, Mrs. Balmer Watt, Miss Ellis, Mrs. Cornwall, Miss Cousins, Mrs. Cook, Mrs. Cushing, Mrs. McCarter, Mrs. Sanford Davis, Mrs. John J. Young, Mrs. Glanville, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Costigan, Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Winter, Mrs. Berkinshaw, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Niblock, Mrs. Nolan, Mrs. Patrick, Mrs. Bates, Miss M. Braden, Mrs. Child, Madame Browne, Mrs. Short, Mrs. Sisley and many others.

The Romantic Career of Thomas F. Walsh

The death took place last week of Thomas F. Walsh, a multimillionaire mine owner of Colorado.

The story of Mr. Walsh's life is like another "Arabian Nights" tale. Like the late Mr. Mackay and the Duke of Wellington, he was of Irish birth, was born in Tipperary, in 1851, reached Worcester, Mass., as a wheelwright at the age of eighteen, tried his hand at several crafts and made money, went to Black Hills after Custer's gold report in 1873, made \$100,000 there, and hastened to Leadville when the discovery of carbonate silver ores created a panic of joy through the west.

While at Deadwood and other places in the Black Hills Mr. Walsh began the practice of "grubstaking" miners, which led to his fortune. When a prospector ran out of provisions he gave him the necessary supplies, taking a share of the mines for his pay. In this way he was almost sure to find himself part owner of now and then a valuable property at the end of the season.

Then came his master stroke in mining ventures. Going outside the Leadville district to the lofty mountain region in San Juan, where the canyons are stupendous, the peaks of Alpine proportions, and avalanches working havoc with mines every year, he made the town of Ouray, nestling in the heart of the Rockies, his headquarters for the San Juan district.

Seeing some ore from mines at an altitude of 12,000 feet, he was greatly impressed with their richness. Experts warned him that practical mining could not be done on the mountain top.

Selecting samples, Walsh had them assayed, and found a bonanza in prospect. He bought adjoining properties and kept his men busy prospecting and buying until he had a large mining territory absolutely his own.

For years it had been his ambition to be the only owner of a group of mines. Now he was master of the situation. He ordered expensive machinery on a large scale, erected smelters for reducing ores, and proceeded systematically to develop his mine. Such was the beginning of Camp Bird and its millions.

Mr. Walsh was appointed commissioner from Colorado to the Paris exposition in 1889. There he began a series of entertainments that were the talk of Europe. He chartered a steamboat on the River Seine, turned it into floating palace, and gave a \$40,000 dinner, with distinguished men as his guests. His wines could not be surpassed. The music was furnished by artists from the grand opera. After this extraordinary feast at which Americans were entertained in a manner unheard of, Mr. Walsh, with his family and friends, chartered a train of five palace cars, luxuriously fitted up with the silks and decorations used on the steamer and began a tour of France and Belgium.

The European potentates always more or less short in their cash accounts, have been profoundly interested in the Colorado millionaire's movements. At any rate, the late King Leopold, of Belgium met Mr. Walsh at Ostend and they had a grand dinner at Hotel Ritz, at which the czar's band played and the great singers of Paris were heard. In the course of this entertainment the conversation naturally turned to finance.

The king said that he was only making about three per cent. on his investments. Mr. Walsh said he always was sure of ten per cent. on his investments—from 100 to 200 per cent was more accurate. He probably did not want to paralyze the king at one sitting, and so put his profits at ten per cent.

It was his mines in the Congo that the King was anxious to have Mr. Walsh investigate and develop in good

American style. While Mr. Walsh did not go there himself he entered into a business arrangement with the king and sent trusted experts to "size up" the mines and their value. So it was that a European monarch became a partner of the Colorado millionaire.

While Mr. Walsh was a poor man, he fell in love with a pretty Wisconsin girl, Miss Carrie Reed, and married her. It was a case of love at first sight and love all the way through life, with a strong hold on the heart. As he grew wealthy and her social life widened, she was equal to every emergency; in fact, she became a society leader, and when those \$40,000 dinners were given in Europe, she was the queen of the hour, fascinating, brilliant, and overflowing with kindness and hospitality.

Before he began entertaining royalty Mr. Walsh was an appreciative and generous employer. He built a big hotel for his miners, and his attendants, gave them luxury, with first-class meals, good sleeping rooms, with porcelain-lined baths, and everything up to date as you would find it in a hotel and not a mining camp. It was all a gift, so to speak, to the miners, costing them no more than at a mining camp boarding house.

An event in Mr. Walsh's life was his family's social success in Washington. The high altitude of Leadville, more than two miles above the sea, being too much for Mrs. Walsh, they decided to live in Washington, where he built a palace. They first lived in the house owned by Mrs. Jenness Miller, and gave

many notable entertainments, among them a reception and dinner to the French ambassador and other representatives of European governments and courts, with leading men in Washington and members of the cabinet as guests.

In recognition of his services as Colorado commissioner to the Paris exposition the French government bestowed on Mr. Walsh the cross of the Legion of Honor.

It was in 1907 that the great tragedy of his life befel Mr. Walsh. His only son, Vincent Walsh, was killed in an automobile accident at Newport, and his only daughter, Evelyn Walsh, was so terribly injured that it was feared she was crippled permanently.

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THE MIRROR

(Continued from page two)

can boldly bare their molars to this stern and critical judge. Joy to the riders who can swing along firm in the knowledge that the spirited creatures they ride are sound of limb, and challenge comparison in every particular. The man inspecting them would seem to have eyes in the back of his head, so uncanny a way he had of spotting out the slightest fault. A dash in front of the on-coming horse, head low to the ground, as if following up a scent, and another horse and man would be sent to join the Also-Rans.

The handing out of the ribbons was always attended with the most flattering interest. A blaze of red and Number One would prance proudly round the ring, playing like a pretty, self-conscious child to the gallery for applause.

Next Blue Ribbon, and after him the White would join the procession of honor, while the defeated ones would make haste to clear the track.

Were it left to me I should give them all a prize, these beautiful beasts, so intelligent, so sensitive, so full of the joy of life and hope. But I suppose if there were no difference of opinion, there would be no horse shows, no incentive to breed the best stock possible, and the game would soon drag out for lack of interest.

I was delighted to see Mr. Watson of "The Herald," Calgary, a newspaper man, carry off first honors with his horse. So seldom ought but abuse comes the way of the finest profession, I know. However, both Mr. Watson and his mount were too good-looking to be passed over, and for a pleasant change a journalist came in to his own, for once.

One of the most dramatic features of the show was the phenomenal riding of two small boys, a young chap named McCall, and the small son of the Count de Roules. If I am not mistaken the latter took the highest jump in the steeplechase, a little figure in white, perched like a bird on the back of a powerful, big-framed hunter. As I looked at him I remember the words of the haunting, "Are you ready for the steeplechase, Lorraine, Lorraine?" singing themselves over and over in my mind. On the last day he was thrown, too. Came a cropper just as he was demonstrating to the other men in the entry how a horse, well-ridden, could take a fence. I turned my head away, my heart sick at the sight of the weed in the saw-dust, but he walked off crying, not for his hurt so much as the fact that his beautiful horse and he were thus disqualified for first place.

Young McCall's riding was the talk of the hour, while the three Gardiner sisters' exhibition as horse-women, was no less a universal subject of conversation. I heard judges and horse-men raving over the way Miss Gardiner managed an outlaw, that men were afraid to handle. Judges present from New York who had seen the best riders in the country protested that they had never seen her equal anywhere.

Children's day though, Friday afternoon, saw the smallest persons, thousands of them, shaking the burden with their shouts. If you want real enthusiasm, corral the youngsters, good little sports, too, let me be telling you, each having his and her favorite, yet shouting themselves hoarse for the winners' prize: out by the judges.

How they could ride, those babies! And how their varied Mama's and Papa's eyes shone as they catered round the ring! And how the little defeated ones cringed up when their ponies were sent off to the far end, passed up, so to speak, as far as the ribbons were concerned. It was not that they were beaten, the sore point was that their ponies were considered to be cut-lass.

"I laugh as I can order such terms as 'old skates' applied to the successful ge-ges. These high-spirited babies, mousing their fathers' ultimatum on the other fellow's horse.

In the ladies' driving competition, I was glad to see the red-ribbon carried off by Mrs. J. S. Sider, well-known to many Edmontonians, who drove a dandy little horse beautifully, and looked exceedingly smart into the bargain.

Mr. Richardson, the indefatigable secretary of the Show, I heard much flattering remarks to turn his head. Imagine it: hearing one look regarded, horse or man, again and again! I'll be gathering that for once the right man was in the right place.

During the four days the Calgary Band did its level best to play audience and horses off their feet, nearly succeeding too, the Box-Ladies humming the popular two-steps, while the horses stamped it. You Beauties, shall I ever forget how trippingly!

It does not take much perspicuity to see how each year will find the Horse Show proving more popular a meeting place for the best farmers, as well as the best stock, of the west. From every part of the country came the great breeders and to their number was added many foreigners, big buyers and prominent men from over the line.

Mr. Jean Revillon, of Edmonton, was an enthusiastic attendant at each day's performance, ending up by buying the champion of the championship hunter and jumper class, "Stoney," a beautiful sorrel, whom he has sent on to enter in the Vancouver show, where he is sure to capture first honors.

It was a great Show, take it how you will, an unequalled collection of

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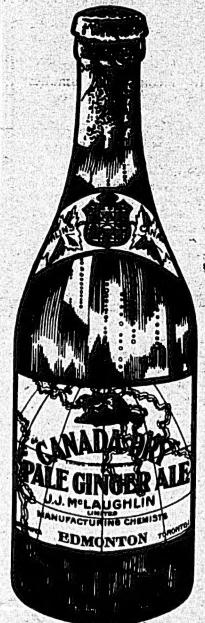
horses, a brilliant social event, the best kind of an advertisement for the province and Calgary, and an object-lesson of what can be accomplished in the way of raising thoroughbred stock out West today.

Wednesday I spent a very enjoyable morning with a little party of Edmontonians at Victoria Park. While the Arena may be said to have been the stage on which the horses and riders played their parts, it was out in the park that one gained an insight into the true character of the prize-winning owner.

The morning, I recollect, was at first a dull one, and in consequence there was very little to see. Horses blanketed occasionally cantered past one, but the horsemen were all closeted tightly in the stables, sizing up the fine points of the mountains of horse-flesh arranged in orderly rows in the stalls. A little later the weather cleared a bit, and at once all was activity again. Little groups of men gathered about the doors of the stables and discussed with grooms and attaches the verdicts of the judges, or dilated at length on the character and standing of the big horse breeders present. Heated arguments took place as to the merits of this strain over that, while all the while, bustling stable boys and men kept rushing out magnificent animals to exercise them. In the midst of the greatest scene of activity I ran across a tall, loosely-hung-together man, with a great big suggestion of Abe Lincoln, kindly, rather melancholy eyes, a gentle, whimsical manner, with a latent suggestion of power and much repression. I knew him first as a name, George Lane, and then his claim to distinction, proprietor of the Bar U Ranch. That was enough. All that I had ever heard of him came quickly

(Continued on Page 7)

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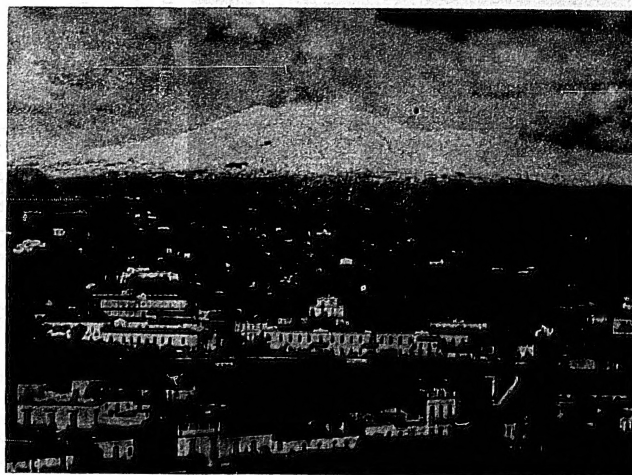
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DEATH OF MYRA KELLY

Myra Kelly (Mrs. Allan MacNaughton), affectionately known to many thousands of readers as the writer of short stories of ghetto children, died last week in Torquay, England.

Ten years or so ago a newspaper man was dining one evening with Dr. James T. Kelly, who asked for advice concerning his daughter's troubles with magazine editors. This seemed like the preface to a familiar story—the young woman had literary ability which the editors persistently refused to recognize. What was to be done?

"My daughter Myra," said Dr. Kelly when his companion asked how he could help, "is teaching in a downtown east side school. All of us at home have been entertained by her stories of her pupils and I urge her to write some of them. She was timid about it because of the tales of so often rejected manuscripts by unknown writers and he did not say that she would make a trial.

"Unknown to me she did, though, and determined to get over the agony of unanimous rejection as soon as possible she made three copies of her story and posted one to each of three magazine editors.

"This morning she came to me in dismay with three letters from three editors, three checks and three requests for more stories."

Dr. Kelly's companion agreed to act as diplomatic agent; saw the three editors, settled the matter of first choice by lot and gave the bewildered young school teacher's promise for other stories in turn to the other two editors.

That was the unusual manner of entrance into the field of story writing of Myra Kelly, then a teacher in the primary grade of Public School 147. The opinions of the magazine editors were speedily justified. Readers demanded more stories about "Isadore Belchatsky," there were enthusiastic entreaties for further comment by "Morris Mojselsky," subscribers would not be denied more of the wisdom of "Becky Zalmonowsky," and "Patrick Brennan," whose father had resisted the tide which had swept most of his race away from Poverty Hollow, had friends by the thousands among magazine readers.

For her first story Myra Kelly was glad to accept \$50; within a year she got \$500 for every story she wrote.

And all she had done, she often said, was simply to write down the stories she told at home of the queer deeds and views of the ghetto children to whom she was teaching a b c—and deportment. But these stories were so very unlike any others from out of that world "east of the Bowery," she reproduced so quaintly the dialects,

so accurately the points of view, gave such a new, deep insight into that seething world where there were hundreds of thousands of citizens in the making that their author became quickly famous and prosperous.

But Miss Kelly kept on with her work in that East Broadway school, and remained where she had elected to teach, in the lower grade. She might have had higher grade classes, for she had been specially prepared for her profession by post graduate studies. But the little folk from the tenements seemed to her to deserve the best instruction that could be given to them not only in a b c, but in how to look upon life, domestic and civic. Also she kept on writing stories until they grew into books, "Little Citizens," "Isle of Dreams," and "Wards of Liberty," and these books selling by many large editions, had a big influence in shaping the work of many societies and organizations trying to help make good citizens out of the children of the Ghetto.

"Miss Bailey" was the name of the "Teacher" in these stories, and while teachers had to overcome in respect to her pupils' views on some familiar aspects of American history is shown in this scene from one of her stories.

"Ain't George Wash'ton made shoots mit pitols?" demanded Isadore.

"Yes, he did," admitted Miss Bailey. "Ain't Teddy Roosevelt hit mans? Und ain't they made him President over it? Only that ain't how they makes mit mine uncle. They don't make him President nor papas, neither. They takes and puts something from iron on his hands so he couldn't talk even. Then they puts him in a wagon and they says they sends him over the water."

"Where?" asked the teacher.

"Over the river where islands is and prisons stands. That's how they makes mit him, the while he hits somebody mit pitols. I guess they don't know about George und Teddy. They makes them—mine uncle tells you how they makes George und Teddy—Presidents over it."

"But that was from long, Izzie," Eva reminded him.

"And altogether different," added Miss Bailey.

"An' me pop wasn't there; he'd a pinched 'em," said Patrick.

"Und George had his gang along," observed Nathan Spidervitz.

"Und Izzie," said Morris Mogilevsky, summing up the matter, "George Wash'ton, he ain't hit mans in legs mit shooting pitols out killin' 'em. You couldn't be President or papas over that. George Washington he kills 'em all bloody and dead. He kills bunches of tensens of mans. Why ain't your uncle kill somebody?"

"He hits 'em in the leg," reiterated Isadore sadly.

"But he ain't killed 'em. Und, Izzie, sooner you ain't killed somebody bloody und dead, you couldn't be Presidents and papas of countries."

In 1905 Miss Kelly married Allan MacNaughton. Her husband met financial reverses, her own health failed, and she was unable to do any more literary work.

Mrs. MacNaughton was born in Dublin, Ireland, about thirty years ago and came to this city with her father, Dr. James E. Kelly, when she was a young child, and received her education in this city.—New York Sun.

"CHORES"

And Those who do Them

There are many methods of working, and many peculiar words are employed in speaking of the different ways people are in the habit of doing their daily "chores." For example, one most respectable person is said to perform her household duties in a "slap-dash" manner; a friend of the writer's is described as "prim" in all her methods; another person is "slipshod"; another "perfunctory"; this man is "dilatatory"; that one is "unscrupulous"; some are "particular," "exact," "smart," and occasionally we hear a man spoken of as a "regular nigger-driver," "hustler," etc. The use of these epithets, words and phrases—and they are only a few out of many—plainly indicate, if they serve no other useful purpose, that our daily actions, however simple and modest they may be considered by ourselves, are taken special note of by those around us. The all-important fact is thus emphasized, that each word and act of our daily life is unconsciously accepted by those about us as an index of character.

With this fact before us it will perhaps be instructive, at any rate amusing, to note incidentally the difference of attitude assumed by many people when they are off and when they are on their good behaviour. When a visitor entered the school-room, Mr. Squeers was the very embodiment of smiling affection and bland suavity towards his "dear pupils"; when that same visitor left, the vindictive brutality of the immortal humbug broke forth with redoubled intensity. Most of us are conscious more or less of being able to produce an impression of some kind, and some of us are particularly anxious that that impression shall be of the very best. But it is in our careless moments that our real character peeps out. The old Latin knew this when they struck that well-known proverb which so astutely declares that, it is whilst they are at play that the character of boys discloses itself.

But there is another phase of our theme which has reference more particularly to our lady friends—the fond mothers of our children. If the writer had the temerity to lay down here the dictum that not one mother in ten knew how to properly manage her own offspring, he would probably be called by epithets more emphatic than polite. And yet no well informed observer can reasonably deny that the gravest mischief is unconsciously being daily and hourly wrought by women who are in many respects incompetent to properly manage their own children. Most women are ready enough to teach other women their duty in this respect, but as to themselves—well, they are perfection personified. Let our mothers look into this matter a little more closely, and it will be strange if they do not discover something wrong—somewhere.

But this is a daily round, a common task for the fathers as well as for the mothers—for men as well as for women. And in the discharge, faithful or otherwise, of our daily duties, we frankly confess that we have most of us much for which to reproach ourselves. We will mention here only one of the many failings in regard to which so many of us men can cry peccavi: it is that of frivolous talk. "A man full of words," says the good book, "shall not prosper upon the earth." Why? Well, for the double reason that he wastes too much precious time, and reveals too much of the secret workings of his own mind. Mr. Gladstone was a great talker, but there was this about it, his conversation was invariably characterized by extreme caution, acute discrimination, and at time by profound wisdom. Our old copyheads are not necessarily all absurd simply because they were copyheads, and that one which said "Speech is silver, silence is golden," spoke a truth as universal as speech itself. At any rate it would be well for all of us to keep some sort of watch upon ourselves. Let us fall into that most deplorable condition of habitually indulging in the hare-brain chatter of insane frivolity.

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THE MIRROR

(Continued from page six.)

back to me. The biggest horse-breeder in the country, the owner of the greatest number of standard-bred Percherons in America. And yet withal a very modest man. From the talk that followed I learned that he was proud of one thing only, that his faith in establishing and keeping pure the thoroughbred stock of the country was vindicated. He had had his ups and downs, dear me, yes; but what matter, today he was reaping his reward. Of all his possessions his Percherons were the pride of his heart. He loved them, and to justify his faith he had his men trot out horse after horse to demonstrate their superiority. Magnificent animals they were, as you may see from the accompanying snap-shots, and such well-known horsemen as Mr. Goddard of Cochrane and Mr. Robert of Edmonton were the loudest in their praise of the invincible showing.

During the four days' show many horses changed hands, but none were more eagerly sought after than Mr. Lane's Percherons, for all of which very fancy prices were realized. He was sorry to lose them, yes; but he was proud to know that it was with such animals as these that the country was being stocked.

In an up-town office I saw the splendid collection of cups, medals and blue ribbons captured by this successful horse breeder, a case covering the whole side of a wall, proof positive of the high standard of stock he is maintaining on his famous Bar U Ranch.

Mr. Goddard, a brother of Mr. Goddard, president of the Safety Blasting Powder Co., is also a big breeder, who spent his days and nights between the park and the arena. In every class he entered I believe he captured honors, his wife, who is a beautiful rider, being almost as enthusiastic about the horses as her husband.

Next year I would like to see a better representation from Edmonton, and trust that the tragic death of Mr. Sparle's splendid young colt will not cast a damper on intending exhibitors.

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